



Bright Red



6 0 2

Chapter 1 by Earlene Starling

The air was crisp with the smell of autumn and the crunching of footsteps running across dead leaves. Cloudy skies promised chilling rain to come.

Bright red, a figure ran across a deserted street. The shape collided with another, one decidedly darker, more menacing, and paused. A bowed head of apology and the red body was off again, going at an even faster pace.

The black, undistinguished shape stared after her. It blinked once before following.

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